

YOUR HEART AND MY HEART.

Your heart and my heart,
And both of them beating as one;
Glad as the flowers that drink of the show-
ers
And turn their sweet smile to the sun.
And so shall the twin in love's concord re-
main
Till life's joyous journey is done;
Your heart and my heart,
And both of them beating as one.

Your hand and my hand,
And each in the clasp of a friend;
Love's pledge written deep in our breasts
We shall keep
No matter what fortune may send,
Arm in arm we shall stray down life's beau-
tiful way
To the pillow of dreams at the end;
Your hand and my hand,
And each in the clasp of a friend.
—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

An Army Wife.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.—Fannie McLane, a young widow, is invited to visit the Graftons at Fort Sedgwick. Her sister tries to dissuade her, as Randolph Merriam, (whom she had jilted for old McLane) and his bride are stationed there.

Chapter II.—Fannie McLane's wedding causes family feeling. A few months later she, while traveling with her husband, meets Merriam, on his wedding trip.

Chapter III.—Some time previous to this Merriam had gone on a government survey, fallen ill, and had been nursed by Mrs. Tremaine and daughter Florence. A hasty note from Mrs. McLane's stepson takes him to the plains.

Chapter IV.—Young McLane dictates to Merriam a dying message, which is sent to Parry (a young Chicago lawyer and brother-in-law of Mrs. McLane). Reply causes Merriam to swoon. He is taken to the Tremaine's; calls for Florence.

Chapter V.—Engagement of Florence Tremaine to Merriam is announced; wedding shortly follows.

Chapter VI.—Mr. McLane is mysteriously shot in San Francisco. Merriam is greatly excited when he reads account in papers. While still in mourning Mrs. McLane prepares to visit Fort Sedgwick.

Chapter VII.—Mrs. McLane arrives at the fort. Merriam is startled at the news, and he and his wife absent themselves from the formal hop that evening.

Chapter VIII.—Mr. and Mrs. Merriam pay their respects to the widow on an evening when she would be sure to have many other callers. When the call is returned Merriam is away, and his wife pleads illness as excuse for not seeing her. Mrs. McLane receives telegram: "Arrested, Chicago. Your uncle stricken—paralysis. You will be summoned. Secure papers, otherwise lose everything. C. M." She faints and is taken to the hospital.

Chapter IX.—Mrs. McLane desires to see Merriam. Grafton persuades him to go, but the widow postpones the meeting till next noon.

Chapter X.—Florence learns Merriam has been to see Mrs. McLane, and in a storm of passion will not allow him to explain. Shortly after Merriam is intercepted by Fannie McLane as he is passing through Grafton's yard. Florence witnesses the meeting, which she supposes has been pre-arranged, and swoons.

Chapter XI.—Mrs. McLane begs Merriam for papers given him by her stepson, but which he tells her were all forwarded to Parry. Merriam is seriously wounded in fight with greasers.

Chapter XII.—Florence, in her deep disappointment, leaves her home in the night for her father's at the cantonment.

Chapter XIII.—Three personal telegraph messages come for Merriam from Parry. Latter is notified of Merriam's mishap miles from post. A dispatch from her lawyer on his way to the fort, together with account of serious injuries to Merriam, causes Mrs. McLane to faint.

Chapter XIV.—Merriam is brought in in the ambulance, inquires for Florence, but gets only an evasive answer, doctor fear- ing news of her flight may prove fatal to him.

Chapter XV.—During absence of hospital attendants Mrs. McLane steals in on Merriam, hoping to get from him some papers or information; tells him of his wife's disappearance. Randy staggers out to the stable, and in shortly galloping madly off over the mesa. Mrs. McLane breaks down, tells of dying message of her stepson to effect that the first Mrs. McLane was alive at time of her (Fannie's) marriage, and of the blackmail and extortion practiced on McLane by his first wife and her family. Finally this Mrs. McLane agreed to leave him on payment of a big cash sum. McLane hears that his Sacramento wife had married again, but lawyers sent to investigate are confronted by the news of her death. McLane returning to New York meets and falls in love with Fannie Hayward. Shortly after his en- gagement is announced he receives a letter from the supposed-to-be-dead woman de- manding further heavy payment as the price of her silence. Upon telling Fannie of his predicament she bids him "pay the money and have it done with." Added to this young McLane's dying statement, wit- nessed by the officers from Sedgwick, had declared his mother alive. Report comes that Florence has fallen into the hands of Apaches.

Chapter XVI.—Merriam has ridden hard and fast and has reached the fort. Randy would have gone headlong to the ground, but two troopers caught him just in time. But the troopers knew what to do for their officer and speedily brought him round, and when he asked for Dr. Gould they told him of his going, and Randy's next demand was for coffee and a fresh horse.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

And while he was sipping the coffee and resting on a bunk in the main room, Mrs. Hayne came hastening in with out- stretched hands and eyes still dim with weeping. She was shocked at his haggard appearance. She could only press his hand in silent sympathy and struggle hard to beat back the tears that would have flowed afresh. "You will stay here with us now until Dr. Gould returns," she said. "I look for him any moment."

"I? No, indeed. I go on at once, as soon as they can saddle a fresh horse for me. She must be more than half- way to the cantonment by this time, if Mignon hasn't given out."

And then Mrs. Hayne sobbed aloud. "Oh, Randy, Randy! Haven't you heard? Floy never regained the road at all. The mail carrier from Cata- mount got in an hour ago and saw nothing whatever of her."

"Then I know where to find her," said Randy, promptly. "A lovely spot we visited together hardly a month ago, and I could find it easily after moon- rise."

But Mrs. Hayne only sobbed the more. How could she tell him? Yet it had to be.

"God grant it," she cried. "God grant it! But, oh, my friend, we've had a dreadful fright! Capt. Grafton's men struck an Apache trail yesterday, and

they are following it fast as they can go at this moment."

And with that announcement van- ished all thought of further rest for him. Bidding the two troopers saddle anything on four legs that could carry them, he sprang forth into the still and radiant night and was astride his mon- gral mount in a twinkling. In vain Mrs. Hayne came out and pleaded with him; Merriam would listen to nothing— nothing but tidings of Florence. It was barely eight o'clock when, fully armed, the little party rode swiftly away un- der the northward stars, following an old trail that led to the upper foothills of the Mesquero. They were not half an hour gone when a sergeant and two men rode in from the west, inquiring for Dr. Gould and Mrs. Hayne. They were three of Grafton's men sent back on the chase to say they were hot on the trail. There were five Apaches afoot and one shod horse—so the traces told infallibly. Florence, then, was probably bound a prisoner on that horse, and Grafton would recapture her or lose every horse and man in the at- tempt.

And if that night was one of dread and dejection at the ranch, what must it have been to Merriam, reeling and well-nigh exhausted, yet riding grimly, desperately forward through the long hours, searching vainly, vainly un- der the wan moonlight, even along into the pallid dawn, for that little cleft in the foothills Floy had named "Mon Abri." Faint and shimmering the day- beams came at last, and then, and not until then, Mignon, a faithful trooper, now riding by his lieutenant's side and supporting him with his arm, turned to his comrade, who, dismounted, was striving with the aid of a match or two to study some hoof-prints they had found in the soft surface. "Jimmy," he whispered, "there's something moving along that ridge yonder—coming this way. What is it?"

And though soft the whisper it caught poor Randy's drowsy ear, and he strove to straighten up in saddle. "What? Where?" he faintly asked.

"Yonder, sir, not half a mile away. It's some of our fellows, or I'm a duffer. Tell to 'em, Jimmy."

And obedient to the word Jimmy yelled. Over the rolling surface the sol- dier's voice went ringing through the dawn, and echo sent it clattering back from the buttes and boulders to the west. "This way, you fellows!—this way!" he cried, and then, mounting, eloped spurs to his pony and spluttered away down the intervening swale.

Ten minutes later Randy Merriam was lying on the ground in a swoon, and George Grafton, with grave, sad face, well-nigh as haggard as the lieuten- ant's, was bending over him and striving to force some brandy down his throat. Following "for all they were worth" the Apache trail, they had over- hauled the supposed marauders not 20 miles back in the foothills—a pacific hunting-party, provided with the agency pass and safeguard, and culpable only in that they had come too far and had picked up on the plains an Ameri- can horse, abandoned at sight of them by some Mexicans who galloped far away; and that American horse, minus saddle and bridle, was Floy's pretty bay mare, Mignon.

Then where in heaven's name was she?

It was some minutes before Merriam revived. Then he strove to stagger to his feet, but fell helplessly back. It was nearly broad daylight, but the sun was still below the distant Guadalupe. Gathering his feeble energies, Randy strove to describe the little cove and to implore Grafton to bear him thither, and was interrupted by an eager sergeant, who said: "We passed just such a brook, sir, not a mile back. Shall I take half-a-dozen men and follow it up?"

"Yes, at once," said Grafton, "and I'll go, too. Stay here, Randy." Indeed, the caution was not needed, for Merriam was past moving now, poor fellow, and his head sank helplessly back upon the soldier's supporting arm. And then they rode away, Grafton and half-a- dozen of his men, with Mignon, leg weary and reluctant, trailing behind. And meantime the troop dismounted and set about making coffee, while one orderly rode back on the trail to sum- mon Dr. Gould, jogging wearily a mile behind. And presently the doctor came and knelt by Randy's side and scolded through his set teeth, even while he skillfully stripped away the hunting-shirt and so reached the shat- tered arm.

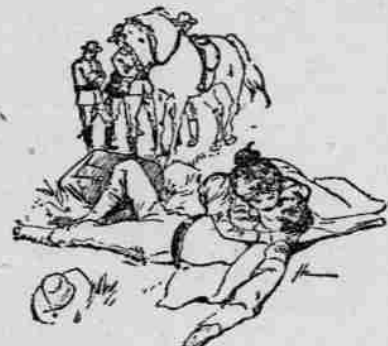
Then came the glorious sunshine streaming over the Guadalupe and gilding the westward Mesquero, and then far out among the buttes, one—two—three, at regular intervals, the ringing, echoing signals of the cavalry carbine; and rough-garbed troopers sprang to their feet and shouted loud, and clapped ball cartridge into the brown bellies of their guns, and fired unlicensed salvo into the air, and danced and swung their hats, and drew coarse flannel shirt-sleeves across their blinking eyes—all at Sergt. Hogan's jubilant cry: "My God, boys, they've found her!"

Found her they had, indeed, curled up like a child, wrapped in her own pet Navajo blanket, sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion, and waking only to burst into tears of relief and joy at sight of Grafton's radiant yet haggard face; then roused to instant action by the tidings he bore and gently, but re- proachfully, told her—that, though sorely wounded and well-nigh ex- hausted, it was Randy who guided the rescuers to her, and who now lay pre- tence and unconscious barely a mile away. Then she could hardly wait for them to saddle Mignon, and could hardly urge her laboring fellows fast enough to match her mad impatience. It was a sight to move a heart of flint to see her, as with streaming eyes and convul- sive sobs she threw herself from her saddle, and, reckless of them all, knelt and gathered Randy's unconscious head to her bosom, cooling over him, crying

over him, praying over him, begging for one word of love and pardon, then showering tears and kisses on his pallid lips. There was no crime of which the poor child did not accuse herself, for on their hurried way Grafton gravely told her of Randy's utter innocence and of his own culpability. Not until the radiant sun was nearly an hour high did their patient seem to respond to stimulant or caress; but at last, to her wild joy, he opened his eyes a little moment, looked up in her face, whis- pered: "Florence—sweetheart," and then seemed to drop away into resist- less slumber.

"A pretty time we had," said Gould, "getting that pair of spoons back to Jose's!" It was an all-day's job, be- tween waiting for the ambulance and then finding an easy road for it. But there at Jose's were "the spoons" con- demned to stay four days and nights, at least, while the rest of Sedgwick's scouting parties drifted back to the post, and there presumably Florence made her peace with her lover lord, and wept gallons of salt tears as she told him how wicked—wicked—wicked she had been, and how penitent she was and how severely punished, though never so severely as she deserved. She would listen to no condoning words of Mrs. Hayne. She flung herself into her father's arms when, white-faced and ten years aged, he reached her at the ranch, and told him what a fiend she had been and what an angel Randy—a statement the captain could not entirely indorse, for he went back to the cantonment at the end of the week con- fident still that there must have been something in Randy's conduct to under- mine the faith of such an unusual girl as his Brownie. But he did not say so—it would have done no good.

And her story was very simple. Near- ing the ranch early in the first after- noon, she saw a party of horsemen rid- ing in toward it, and in her half-crazed state she believed them troops from the post—Randy's men. So she turned square to the north and rode for the foothills. She had a little store of provisions and some wine in the large sad- die-pouch, and only then discovered that her bag was gone. She could ride away round the ranch, find "Mon Abri," and hide there during the night. She had her Navajo blanket. Mignon would have grass and water. What more could army girl ask in that warm and rainless region? Before sunset she had found the romantic little spot, unsaddled and picketed Mignon, and later moved her farther down stream for fresh grass, and, then, wearied, she herself slept for hours; and when she awoke and would have pushed on to the cantonment, lo! Mignon was gone. Florence had heard no sound. She could not account for it.



Gathered Randy's unconscious head on her bosom.

She could only sit and brood and think, and then, as the long, long day—the second day—drew to its close, pray heaven for Randy's coming. There, more surely than anywhere else, if he loved her, his love would lead him.

What days of jubilee there were at Sedgwick when at last Randy was con- valescent enough to be moved, and the ambulance brought him back through the same old hole in the fence, Florence seated by his side. Another pa- tient was out on a piazza farther down the row, taking the sweet fresh air and listening languidly to the purring of Mignon, who still worshiped at the shrine deserted by Whittaker. Undeni- ably sallow looked the Widow Mc- Lane, and her eyes gazed but languidly at the joyous little cortege entering the westward end of the road. Capt. and Mrs. Grafton, the Haynes, and other sympathizing friends had flocked thither to welcome the fugitives, and so it happened that there was no one at home but Mrs. McLane and a much perturbed young battery officer to greet two somewhat dusty civilians, who had just driven out from the junc- tion, and now slowly ascended the Grafton's steps. One—Mr. Parry—came jauntily forward. The other—a mutton-chop whiskered, plethoric- looking party—hung reverentially back, as though waiting permission to venture into the presence of a queen. With swift, anxious, imploring glance the invalid searched the impassive fea- tures of her exasperating brother-in- law and read no hope; but even from the depth of her despond sprang some- thing of her old-time coquetry as she languidly lay back in the easy-chair and extended a slender, bejeweled hand to the adoring Swinburne. The bat- teryman bowed stiffly and pulled at his mustache in recognition of this new ar- rival, and Ned Parry almost audibly chuckled his enjoyment of the situa- tion. Then stable call sounded and drew the warrior away and left the field in the hands of the civilian, and then Parry decided he must "join the gang" at Merriam's; and there pres- ently he was patting Randy on the back and showing symptoms of a desire to kiss Mrs. Randy's hand, as he did Mrs. Grafton's. Mrs. Grafton hurried out, declaring she must go and order more dinner, whereat Parry followed her to the gate and called a halt. She saw the twinkle in his eyes and stopped. "You've brought her good news, I know," said she, with womanly eagerness.

"More than that," said Parry, with a comical grin. "More than Fan deserves by a good deal—I've brought the fellow

that brings her the news. Never mind dinner—give him ten minutes."

"Oh, how did you get at the truth?"

"I didn't—I couldn't. They were shy of me as though I'd been a Pinkerton. I knew Swinburne was sore-smitten. I knew he'd blow in his whole bank ac- count if need be. I told him the story and my suspicions, and set him to work. He found the engineer and got the proofs. She owes her deliverance to him."

"Then it was as you thought—as you told Capt. Grafton?"

"Certainly. Mrs. McLane No. 1 died two months after she got her \$25,000, but the family couldn't afford to lose so fruitful a member. They had read and written each others' letters from childhood. Either surviving sister could write just as well as the young- est. They planned the game; they fooled McLane completely, and they as completely deceived poor young Jack, the only reputable connection they had. Fan's all right now, thanks to Swin- burne. Let him be happy for ten min- utes—she'll make him miserable the rest of his life. Let's go back and look at a picture of absolute bliss—Floy Merriam's face. Isn't she an ideal army wife?"

THE END.

MONACO AND MONTE CARLO.

How the Gaming Capital of the World Began—Workings of the Institution.

Monaco is the name of the kingdom as well as of the capital and chief town, lying also on the coast of the Mediterranean. The two places were originally about a mile apart, but the single street along the shore which connects them has been so built up that now they are practically one, and it is hard to tell when you are in Monte Carlo and when you cross the line into Monaco. Monaco is the old town, with dwellings and shops and castles and dirt and a market place like any other small European city, but Monte Carlo is new, and lives entirely upon the Casino. There are few dwelling houses in it, few shops, few permanent residents beyond the hotel people and Casino employees, and even the Casino men live mostly in Monaco, where rents are cheaper. Monte Carlo consists chiefly of the Casino and its appurtenances, a group of hotels, a railway station and a very handsome arched stone railway bridge.

Here are the Maritime Alps, rising almost out of the back yards of both places, the sea in front, no bits of arable land bigger than flower beds, no man- ufactures, no chance for any industries beyond fishing and retailing groceries, if you take away the gaming tables. It was a strong temptation, no doubt, to their little majesties of Monaco to go in for anything that promised to bring money into the country. And the winter climate was the best in Europe, and therefore suitable for a great winter resort. Let us give the devil his due, and say that the prince was not without reasons for making himself the chief gambling pimp of the world. The gambling industry was begun here in 1856, but only in a small way. Then, four years later, a person named Blanc, who had been expelled from Hamburg, came here and developed it. At present the gaming tables support every- thing. The Casino company pays the prince \$250,000 a year for the conces- sion, though that is only a small part of what they really pay, as I shall show in a moment. This is a stock company of the ordinary kind, like any mining or insurance company, with shares that can be bought in the market and that pay such handsome dividends that they command always a high premium. So, if you are a millionaire, as I hope you are, and would like to be in a position to dictate to a real prince, you need only come over to Monaco and buy enough shares in this company. They are \$100 shares, and sell at present at about \$300, I believe.—William Dry- sale, in N. Y. Times.

Trials of an "Animal Artist."

When one commences to sketch a cow that animal invariably takes her departure, the sleeping lions at Central park always wake up after a few strokes of the pencil, and even the sluggish snail becomes imbued with an amazing degree of swiftness if an attempt is made to sketch him. At least, this is the way it seems to the "animal artist."

A Baltimore oriole acquaintance of mine used repeatedly to come to the edge of the cardboard on which I was drawing, and eye the rapidly moving pen with the greatest interest; but if I attempted to sketch him, he would fly away immediately. True, I was once fortunate enough to catch the bright bird at his bath, when he was so thor- oughly engaged in spluttering water over everything as to be totally unaware of my presence. Some animals are com- paratively easy to sketch, and some are very difficult. The great elephant be- longs to this latter class. He always ap- pears to be in a state of perpetual mo- tion.—Meredith Nugent, in St. Nicholas.

A Thrifty Scotchman.

"Well, James, how are you feeling to-day?" said the minister to one of his parishioners, an old man suffering from chronic rheumatism. "You are not looking as brisk as usual."

"Na, sir," replied the old fellow, sad- ly, "I've been gay unfortinately the day."

"How, James?"

"Well, sir, I got a letter fra a Glasco lawyer body this mornin'; tellin' ma that ma Cousin Joek was dead, an' I had a left me twa bunner pound."

"Two hundred pounds!" repeated the minister. "And you call that hard luck? Why, it is quite a fortune for you, James."

"Ay," said the old man, sorrowfully, "but the stipid lawyer body dinna pit eneuch stamps on his letter, an' I had a hale saxe-pence to pay for extra post- age."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

ART IN ARCHITECTURE.

DESIGNED AND WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THIS PAPER.

The nine-room residence here illus- trated can be erected for \$2,000. The foundation is of brick with rubblestone footings.

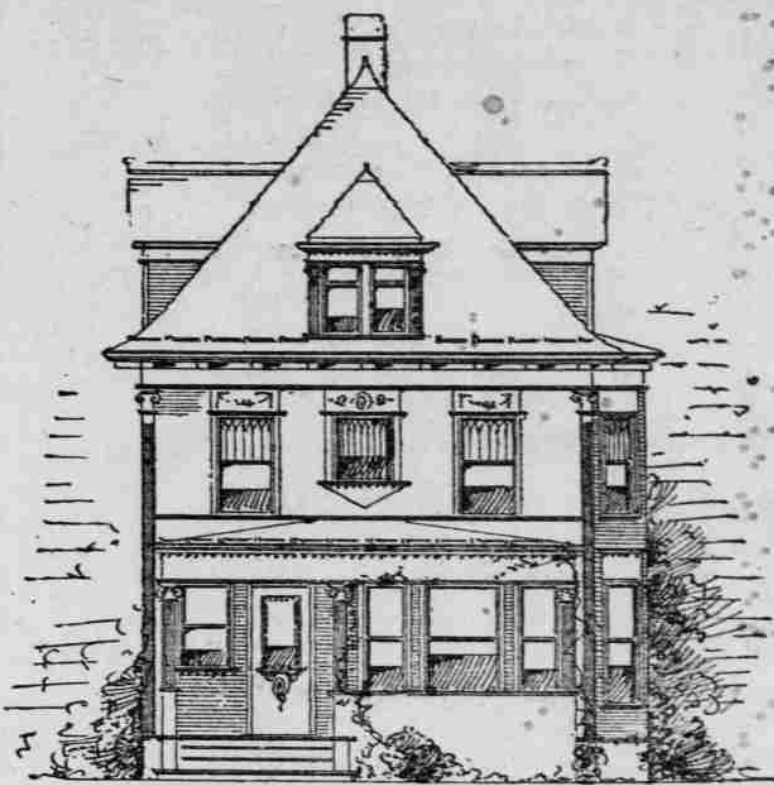
The size of the parlor is 12 feet 6 inches by 15 feet; sitting-room 14 by 17 feet; dining-room, 11 by 17 feet; kitchen, 11 feet 6 inches by 14 feet; pantry, 6 by 9 feet; hall, 6 by 11 feet; chambers,

The stairway to the attic lead. from second story hall.

The bathroom is fitted up with the most modern fixtures.

All glass throughout is American double thick. The attic is floored with a single floor. All flashing and down spouts are of galvanized iron.

The doors are 2 feet 8 inches by 7



HANDSOME TWO-THOUSAND-DOLLAR RESIDENCE.

10 feet by 10 feet 6 inches; 12 by 14 feet; 11 by 15 feet, 10 feet 6 inches by 11 feet 6 inches and 12 by 15 feet. All of the rooms are nicely arranged. The rooms have sliding doors, as, for instance, parlor, sitting-room and dining-room. The parlor is provided with wood mantel three windows in front of room and one on the side near the fireplace. The sitting-room has a bay window and a bookcase. The dining-room has a bay window and a china closet.

There is a large plate glass partition between the vestibule and hall, which tends to give the appearance of a

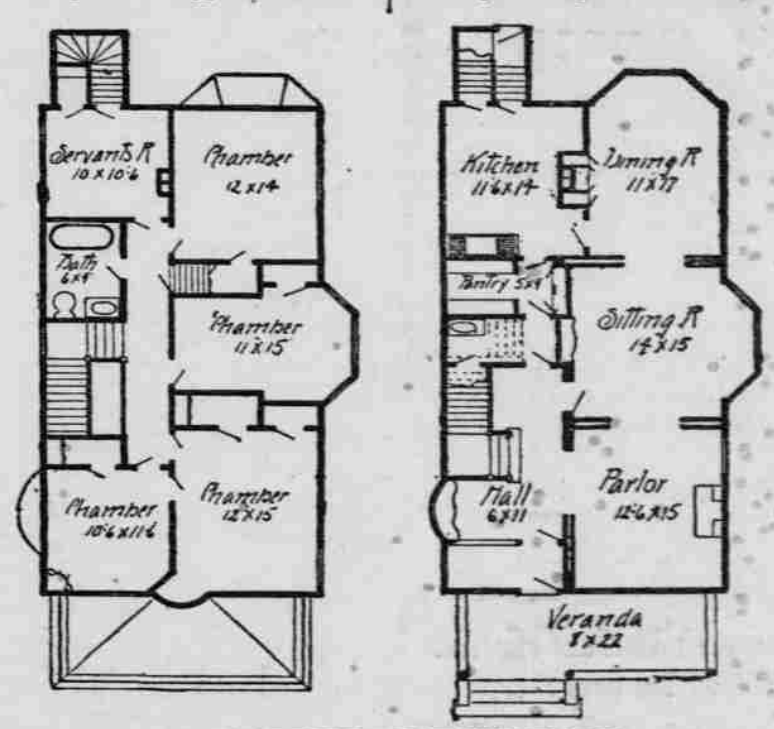
feet by 13 1/2 inches thick. All carving shown is of composition.

The hardware throughout is of a neat design. The chimney showing above roof is veneered with yellow press brick. The interior wood work is finished in hard oil. All outside paint- ing will be three-coat work.

Shingles upon roof must be cedar, dimension.

The bathroom is to be painted three coats of white enamel paint. Stairs, treads, risers, newel post and balustrade are of Georgia pine.

The plastering is two coat work,



PLANS OF FIRST AND SECOND FLOORS.

opening into the hall. The lavatory at the rear end of the hall. The pantry is fitted up with shelves and a china closet. The kitchen is provided with a sink and the floor is maple. All other floors on the first story will be red oak.

The floors on the second story are of pine.

The first story ceiling is 9 feet 6 inches; second story ceiling 9 feet; base- ment ceiling 7 feet.

The finish of woodwork throughout the house is Georgia pine.

All chambers have closets and each closet is fitted up with three drawers and three shelves. The rear stairway leads to the girl's room from the first floor.

round corners for coves in parlor, sit- ting-room, dining-room and hall.

The studding are 2 by 4 inches; joist, 2 by 10 inches; rafters, 2 by 6 inches; wall plates double, 2 by 10 inches.

The size of building upon the ground is 24 by 46 feet.

The furnace room, fruit room, coal room, laundry and storage rooms are in the basement.

All rooms are piped for gas and fur- nace.

All material throughout will be the best of its respective kind, and the contractor will leave the building clean and ready for occupancy.

GEORGE A. W. KINTZ.

Length of a Man's stride.

Quetelet estimates the average length of a man's stride at 31 1/2 inches, and the distance an average traveler can cover at this rate at 7,135 yards an hour, or 119 yards a minute. The number of strides would be 7,500 an hour, or 125 a minute. The length of the stride in the various European armies is as follows: In the German army it is 31 1/2 inches, with a cadence of 113 steps per minute; in the Australian army, 29 1/2 inches, with a cadence of 120 per minute; in the French army, 29 1/2 inches, with a cadence of 115 per minute; in the British army, 30 inches, with a cadence of 116 per minute.

Potato Stalks for Paper.

La Revue Graphique Belge says that because of the scarcity of raw material for the paper mills of Holland they have pressed into service the haulm or stalks of the potato plant, which can be bought of the farmers for 90 cents a top.

Transference of Heat.

A correspondent who is associated with the observatory at Toulouse calls attention to a very singular phenom- enon, the scientific explanation of which he seeks. Take a bar of iron in the hand by one end and plunge the other end in the fire, heating it strongly; but not so much that the hand cannot retain its hold. Then plunge the heated end in a pail of cold water. Immediately the end held by the hand becomes so hot that it is impossible to retain it in the fingers. This phenomenon, said by a correspondent to be familiar to work- men in iron, is ascribed by them to some repellant action which they sup- pose the sudden cold to exert upon the heat contained in the iron, which is thus driven to the opposite extremity.—Nature.

Cheap Butter in Minnesota.

The best managed dairies in Minne- sota have reduced the cost of manu- facturing a pound of butter to 1.23 cents. The prevailing price in other states is about three cents.